

An Amateur Musician.
William Weaver Winterbourne
Played a tune upon the horn.
Hard and long and loud blow he
In the town of Cocklebury.

Awful were the sounds he flung
Round him by his power of lung.
Townsfolk, high and low, I wend,
Wondered what those sounds might mean.

Some there were who said their feet
Fasting as they passed the street.
After listening such would say
"Some one's killing pigs today!"

Others glanced up at the sky
With a rather puzzled eye.
"Though it's clear," cried they, "no
doubt
There are thunderstorms about!"

Several men of Cocklebury
Formed another theory.
Over their ears they pulled their hats,
Murmuring, "Of course it's cats!"

No one guessed, I do declare,
That those shrill and shrill notes were
Just a tune upon the horn.
Played by William Winterbourne!

SONS OF ABRAYNI.

It was that delightful time in early summer when all vegetation is full of exultant delicacy and freshness, when the broad, billowy fields and the pink and white blossomed bushes are overflowing with new life.

One evening when Aladar Abrayni was sitting with his mother and two older brothers in their cool, grassy arbor at home, merrily conversing, from the back of the arbor, Aladar never forgot his last words.

"My children, do not mourn for me. Always remember that I am thankful to God for not outliving the liberties of our native land." His mother died soon after, leaving them under the guardianship of their uncle, and now, only three years after their father's death, their uncle, too, was dangerously ill.

When Aladar entered his uncle's room, he saw his brother standing near the sick man's bed. They all seemed relieved when he came in, especially his uncle, who immediately raised himself, with great effort, and spoke to the three young men:

"My dear nephews, you know that I am a poor man and have nothing to leave you when I die. All that remains belonged to your dear father, and he asked me to bequeath his fortune to his most faithful son. To me you are all three equally dear, but this will be the final rest of your constant affection for my brother. Let each take his bow and arrow. The one whose shaft pierces the heart of your father's picture is my brother's truest son and heir."

No one spoke. At last Anton, the eldest of the three, arose. Taking his bow, he aimed with steady hand at the heart of his dead father's portrait. The arrow shot across the picture. It pierced the picture, not the heart.

Then Ladislav tried. Ah, what would he not do to do with the coveted fortune! How jealous his friends would become! But, alas, he aimed badly, and his hopes were crushed! Anton was happy, but he had still to fear the firm hand and accurate eye of his youngest brother.

Aladar was very pale. He looked scornfully at his brothers. He was wondering what his dead father would have said if he could see his favorite sons trying to pierce the heart of his only portrait for his gold. Heaving with deep emotion, his cheek paler than that of the dying man, he dashed his arrow to the ground and cried:

"Uncle, what would you have me do—shoot at my father's heart? No, no, I cannot, even if it is but the heart of his sacred image! I do not want that wretched fortune, but the picture—oh, uncle, let that be my inheritance!" His uncle smiled. "God bless you, my boy! You are my brother's truest son and heir." Abrayni was dead.

Fra Menico was on his way to the pauper's hospital. Everybody loved the fra. His pleasant, smiling face, shining forth from the folds of his brown cowl, inspired all men with a feeling of trust and profound reverence. Day after day he could be seen on this deserted pathway going to visit the sick paupers. He had been called away from the convent on this cold winter morning to serve as confessor to the greatest outlaw of Hungary.

Every patient was glad to see the holy man. For each one he had a kind word and a sweet smile. Peace and happiness followed him from bed to bed. At last he came to the couch on which the stranger lay. A magnificent beard covered his broad, powerful chest. He looked calmly at the kind fra and then spoke slowly and sadly:

"Fra, I see that you are pitying me. Alas, there is perhaps but one other person that pities Emil Bajza!" "Twenty-five years ago, when I was not yet the famous plunderer, I lived in the little town of Miskolcz with my orphan brothers. We were quite happy for a time, but Anton and I soon found that it was impossible for us to live with our virtuous young brother, whose goodness was continually reproving the corrupt young men with whom we chose to associate. We were therefore very glad that he left us, and there was no one after that to prevent our headlong plunge to ruin."

"One cold night, while I was on my way to the gambling houses, I met my brother Aladar. He knelt before me in the deep snow. 'Ladislav,' he cried, 'Ladislav, I implore you in the name of our dear father to give up the life you are leading!' But I hated him for his virtues. I struck him a blow with my cane and left him cold and bleeding in the snow."

"That night I was ruined. My friends deserted me. Anton would not acknowledge that a pauper was his brother. When I searched for my only true friend, a blood stained rock was all that I could find. I was Ladislav Abrayni no longer. I lived only to make those who ruined me suffer, and this is my end. I must die with that cruel, cruel blood unguished."

Fra Menico was trembling. Taking a little picture from his cowl, he knelt down and showed it to the repentant sufferer. "Ladislav," he whispered, "Aladar forgives you." The outlaw was happy. He kissed the sacred picture which Anton's shaft had pierced and died—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Origin of Desserts.
We are indebted to the French system of gastronomy for the dessert courses at meals. They had no place in the early English dinner and were first introduced into that country in the time of the Stuarts, when the French revival took place under Charles I. At first they were simply accompaniments to other courses, being composed of various sweet things designed, according to an old Norman writer, "to take the taste of the horrible cookery out of their mouths." In the course of time the sweets were put in a course by themselves, which stimulated the French cooks to put forth their constant endeavors to invent new dishes. Louis XIV had a cook who invented new desserts for his master's diners.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Something About Signaling at Sea—Curious Information Concerning the Stork—The Duped Dog.

Man's ingenuity has made it unnecessary that sea should pass at a distance to each other's presence or needs. On a long voyage where the sight of another vessel is a pleasing break in the monotony of the daily life and in the midst of distress and trouble the ability to ask and answer questions, to request assistance or needed stores, is very apparent. Then, too, the fascination of the "flag," "light" and "gun" signals, the interchange of signals at sea is most interesting event.

The use of a system of naval signals, such as that of the present time, requires special instruction and study and is not picked up in a few minutes; neither can it be acquired by spending an odd hour now and again upon it.

It comprises different methods of conveying orders or information to or from a ship in sight or within hearing, but at a distance too great to permit of hailing—in other words, beyond the reach of the voice even when aided by the speaking trumpet.

Signals are divided into classes, according to the instruments with which they are made. There are eight and signal flags, flag, semaphore, fixed lantern, flashing, firework, horn or steam whistle and gun signals, day, night, fog and danger signals.

Signaling is not by any means a modern method of communicating. The signal codes of the ancients are believed to have been the result of much study. Generally some kind of flag was used. Shields were also displayed in a manner arranged beforehand. Some people believe that the reflected rays of the sun were flashed from these shields as with the modern heliograph.

In the middle ages flags, banners and lanterns were used to distinguish particular squadrons. They were used, too, as they are at the present time, to call officers to the admiral and to report sighting the enemy and getting into danger.

According to a writer on this subject, the British Admiral Kempenfelt in 1780 devised a plan of flag signaling which was the parent of that which is now in use.

A certain Captain Colomb worked for nine years on a flashing system of signaling which is today in general use in all fleets. This system has made it possible to handle with confidence and safety, in darkness and fog, squadrons composed of the gigantic armorclads of the day and has greatly reduced the risk of accidents.

An interesting code of signals has been compiled and adopted by all the commercial nations of the world. The system consists of flags and a code penant. In using and interpreting the flags it is of course necessary to be in possession of the signal code book, in which the meanings attached to the flags and combinations of the flags are printed.

Curious Information About the Stork.
That curious bird, the stork, is common in many parts of Europe, to which it migrates yearly from its winter quarters in Africa. It is much valued in those countries on account of the service it renders in destroying noxious reptiles and unpleasant folk.

The stork is a very docile bird and soon learns to follow its feeder for any dainty morsel. When it is hungry, it crouches on the ground and seems to beg for food by its gestures, such as waddling its head and flapping its pinions. It is a very mild and peaceable bird, seldom making use of its great bill against its companions.

The stork is a great favorite in Holland and is found most useful in eating up the frogs, lizards and toads which abound in the marshes, and the people are so fond of the storks that they become quite familiar and tame and build their nests on the chimneys and roofs of the houses. The Dutch say, "A stork never builds on a bad man's house," therefore it is a protection to a house if a stork comes and builds its nest, as no one would injure one of these favorite birds.

The stork is very fond of building its nest upon high places, such as the top of a house, a chimney or a church spire, and in the ruined cities of the east upon the top of almost every pillar a stork's nest is to be found. It is said that when the parent birds grow so old as to be bare of feathers and unable to fly and provide food for themselves the young ones will bring it to them and nestle close to them to keep them warm and protect them.

Before the cold winter comes the storks fly away in large flocks to Africa, where they remain till the warm weather returns.

The Duped Dog.

The crowd of India are clever rascals. A couple of them were one day observed to be trying to steal a bone from a dog. For a long time their efforts were useless, although the attempts at theft repeated the dog from enjoying his meal. At last the crowd seemed to take counsel together and hit upon a new line of action. One hopped away to a little distance as if he were tired of the job, but he did not go far. He hid behind a dog from behind. By and by he was close enough to seize hold of the tail of the dog, which at once turned round with an angry snap. At that moment the crowd in front picked up the bone and flew off with it, being presently joined by his partner in crime. What the duped dog felt can only be imagined, and it is to be feared the rascally crowd added insult to injury by clanking him mercilessly in the corvine tongue.

Missouri Advice to a Poet.

It was some years ago that Algernon Charles Swinburne, in a mournful voice addressed us the query, "What shall be done with all these tears of ours?" We have been very busy since then, and it is very possible that Algernon has disposed of his stock and doesn't now need our advice, but we are sorry for him and will give it anyway. We would say, in the first place, Algernon, that the present time to do, if you see no market for your product, is to cease producing; that is the doctrine that we are now teaching at our agricultural school in Kansas.

But we have also a suggestion better than that. It is that if you can manage to weep fresh tears, which you ought to be able to do after a little practice, you come out to the arid region and go into the irrigation business. Even a salt lake would be acceptable during dry weather, and you might recover some sections with that sort of tear, but the great weep we throw out to you is, either weep fresh tears or quit the business.—Kansas City Times.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Crown Worcester China—The Bachelor Basket—Hall Furniture—Serving Salmon as Chop.

Crown Worcester has the preference nowadays among china for the table. In making this announcement a writer in the New York Sun explains that it is the Crown, not the Royal Worcester. This china is heavy and to the unaccustomed eye ugly, but it grows in favor, and you soon like its odd shape and grim decoration. There is no suspicion of gilding or ornate work about this Worcester. The scallops of the dishes and plates may be edged about with green, or they may be left plain, and the one pattern of flowers sprayed over the surface is in rigid, set bouquets, with never a leaf or tendril straying out from the main bunch. The colors used are what are called strong, natural colors, red, reds, undulating blues, undulating purples and greens. There is no bleeding. Everything is stiff, set and prim on a lustrous surface, yet this china makes the fluted lattice-work and delicate coloring of the shining French porcelain look common and overdone. At least this is what you think after the new old English type has grown on you and you have noted its beauties.

Of all the quaint shaped platters, curiously curved coffee pots and mysteriously looking mugs, plates, with an eye for an eye, never let it be steam covered, this old English china appears to have the monopoly. Ponderous is the word best suited to the great meat dishes, and the handles to their covers once seen will not be forgotten.

The Bachelor Basket.
The "bachelor's basket" is the newest gift from a girl friend to a college man, and the girls find much pleasure in making these really useful and dainty toilet necessities for his lordship, as explained in the New York Tribune. Usually a small, low, round basket with no top is chosen. It is lined smoothly with some bright, pretty silk. Several tiny cushions are made and stitched to the inside of the basket. Red, black and white pins and needles are stuck therein in plentiful array. A pair of small scissors, a little silk bag for buttons and a small bag of white, black and colored cotton and silk thread go to complete the bachelor's sewing outfit, and whether or not he ever takes the basket out of the box in which it is received, the giver feels assured in her own mind that Jack has every needful appliance for an emergency and is consequently happy.

Hall Furniture.
A good old oaken settle is not a bad thing for halls, with its sturdy construction, its padded back and its sturdy plank foot—no easy to be sure. We do not want any cushioned luxuries in a hallway. It is rather a good place to receive "bones," if we must receive them at all, and an oaken settle of oldish and homely regularity does not tempt a long stay. Decorator and Furnisher says much the same concerning the oaken settle, which is well as great bulk of money and recent carving. The hall is a good place for such, except they are inhibited by too palpable a disagreement with other fixtures, but there is always this good in a hall, that it takes a "jumble" of things more justly and carries them more easily than other rooms.

Serving Salmon as Chop.
The following is one of the recipes furnished by the Boston Cooking School magazine, by which commonplace dishes may be transformed into decorative ones at a small outlay of time and labor and no additional expense.

Drain the oil from a can of salmon steak, remove the skin and bones and wash the fish with a silver fork. Make a white sauce with 2 level tablespoonsful each of butter and flour, a salt-

spoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and a cup of milk. Add the fish, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

When the mixture is thoroughly cold, form into chops. Egg and bread crumbs between, adding a little chopped parsley to the crumbs. Put a piece of macaroni into the end of the chop to represent the chop bone and fry in deep fat. Arrange a croquet of bread in the center of a serving dish. Upon it place a little dish filled with sauce tartare and stand the chops against and around the bread.

Why He Wasn't Invited.
Arthur F. Clark last spring purchased a seaside cottage at Bay Ridge, N. Y. Bay Ridge has a yacht club, and as it costs pretty heavily to rent a yacht for a private sail somebody suggested to Clark that he would better join the club so that he would be invited to go out with those who owned their own yachts.

This seemed to be a good idea, and Clark's name was soon enrolled as a member of the club. He was informed that he would be expected to purchase a yachting cap and wear it as the insignia of his membership. Mrs. Clark accompanied her spouse to a hat store to help him pick out his yachting headgear. He selected one with a blue band, on which an anchor was embroidered in gold lace. Mrs. Clark thought two anchors would look much prettier, and so Arthur, like a dutiful husband, yielded to her better judgment and bought a cap with a double anchor.

Day after day he wore that cap, but no one invited him to go sailing. Everybody else seemed to be invited, and Clark felt that he was being snubbed. He went to the club and asked the secretary why he was not invited. The secretary said that he had not seen the cap. Clark showed him the cap, and the secretary said that it was not a yachting cap. Clark said that it was a yachting cap, and the secretary said that it was not a yachting cap. Clark said that it was a yachting cap, and the secretary said that it was not a yachting cap.

"What was the joke?" "Well, you know we had that lovely blue china set that he bought last week on the table, and—"

"It is lovely."

"And I just took my inspiration from that. You know the tempt has a shepherd in blue upon it?"

"Yes."

"Well, my joke was the supposed conversation between two fashionable girls on the milk pitcher of the chocolate brown set that mamma gave us. It was, 'Why don't you associate with that gentleman over there?' and the reply was, 'He's not in our set.' Well, I had the tempt in my hand when I made the cap, and just as I told it I let the tempt fall. Now comes the mean part. Charlie used such a mean subterfuge. He repeated the joke, then looked at the pieces of the tempt on the floor, and then, as I demanded the fulfillment of my wager, said, 'That's no joke, that's a fact.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Fifth Hawk.
He wasn't Bluebeard nor any other mythological spouse with a taste for murder; he was merely a strict old Quaker preacher who lived a few decades ago and who had had four wives. Upon his return home after the ceremony solemnizing his acquisition of a fifth he led the new wife to a certain closet and threw open the door. Four shawls and four bonnets hung in a row upon the hooks inside. The husband pointed to a fifth hook. "And this, Rebecca, is for you." "No, Jonathan," answered the wife significantly, "that will be thine."

Events proved her right, and the fifth wife's will not be disappointed to learn of it either.—New York Sun.

A BANDIT OF MANY PRAYERS.

He Never Killed Without Worship, and He Had Childlike Faith.

Giovanni Tola, a bandit, who for 30 years was the terror of Sardinia, died a few months ago, after having related the story of his life to a lawyer, with the request that it be published for this purpose.

To warn the unfortunate of his class and to teach the officials how to proceed if they would better the condition of the poor and unhappy. According to his autobiography Tola was the most pious man that ever cut a throat or stole a purse. He began his career of crime by trying to kill a priest who prevented his marriage with the girl of his heart. Nevertheless, in his subsequent life he had a worshipful regard for the mother of God, he attended mass, he even prayed in the presence of his dead victims.

"Before I took the life of a traitor or a rich oppressor of the poor," he explains in his book, "I always besought the Virgin and the saints to advise and comfort me. On the day when I resolved to kill Salvatore Moro I sought the aid of heaven. On my way to him I called without ceasing on the mother of God, and on the day when I resolved to kill my comrade I prayed to God. I also commended my soul to God's care in case I should go under in the combat. When I had shot Moro dead, I loaded my gun again, laid the stock on his body and then offered up in fervid humility an 'Ave Maria' and a requiem for the departed soul."

"I killed the bodies, but not the souls of my enemies, and I observed all the religious customs, which the circumstances required."

The bandit's favorite books were "Meditations on the Life of the Holy Virgin" and the Bible. "Although a bandit," he declares, "I never neglected any religious duties. Every day I said my morning and evening prayers. I prayed for the dead, went to church and confessed many times every year. The abbott of Florinas was wont to send to entice me and advise me whether my comrade really deserved to die. I also commended my soul to God's care in case I should go under in the combat. When I had shot Moro dead, I loaded my gun again, laid the stock on his body and then offered up in fervid humility an 'Ave Maria' and a requiem for the departed soul."

Tola had some queer ideas about a priest's proper discharge of his churchly duties. The priest who prayed more than three times at mass, he relates, invariably bewitched somebody. "Once in Florinas," goes his story, "I had a bad attack of rheumatism, and I was convinced that I had been bewitched by a priest. I sought help from the Florinas priest, who was an excellent man. He put on his vestments, and with holy water and cross began to exorcise the evil spirits. The pain ceased almost at once, and I had a few weeks of peace."

Later I went to the curate of Oss, who was supposed to be still more skilled in these things. He told me to kneel and he sprinkled me with holy water. Then he prayed a long time. I went to him three times. The third time the pain was worse than ever, and then he confessed to me that he had been bewitched by another priest, who was mightier than he. Finally I obtained relief from the abbott of Oss, who for 40 days made me partake of blessed oil and blessed bread."

Perhaps this childlike faith was what made the Sardinian peasants regard Tola with love and veneration. He was always helped and fed by them when he was hard pressed by soldiers or police. To him hundreds of them gladly paid a small annual sum as insurance against thieves, cutthroats and robbers. They had implicit confidence in his ability to protect them. At the same time they often refused to pay taxes or military unwilling to let the police or military arrest those who plundered them.

In his 30 years of bandit life Tola, despite his religious scruples, killed between 50 and 60 men, robbed hundreds and burned to the ground the buildings on nine great estates. He was ever at war with the authorities of the land, and in the last ten years of his career devoted himself exclusively to robbing and killing persons holding office or standing in the service of the police or military.

His Mean Way Out.
"Oh, just the two months' bride to the girl friend who had called, 'Charlie did the meanest thing last night! I wouldn't have believed it of him.'"

"Do tell me what it was," said the girl friend.

"Well, you know we were having some parlor amusements or thinking about having some when it happened. It was just after dinner. Charlie had been reading some supposedly funny paragraph in the evening paper. The poor fellow, they actually made me faint. Finally I told him that I could do better than that myself."

"What, at making jokes?" interrupted the girl friend.

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, what happened?"

"Just like a man."

"But he wasn't a man."

"Do tell me all about it."

"Well, he wagged me a three pound box of candy and all the soda water I could drink that I couldn't make a joke."

"And you did it right away?"

"Yes; it didn't take me five minutes."

"What was the joke?"

"Well, you know we had that lovely blue china set that he bought last week on the table, and—"

"It is lovely."

"And I just took my inspiration from that. You know the tempt has a shepherd in blue upon it?"

"Yes."

"Well, my joke was the supposed conversation between two fashionable girls on the milk pitcher of the chocolate brown set that mamma gave us. It was, 'Why don't you associate with that gentleman over there?' and the reply was, 'He's not in our set.' Well, I had the tempt in my hand when I made the cap, and just as I told it I let the tempt fall. Now comes the mean part. Charlie used such a mean subterfuge. He repeated the joke, then looked at the pieces of the tempt on the floor, and then, as I demanded the fulfillment of my wager, said, 'That's no joke, that's a fact.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

"I'm Up With Fruit."
"Blessed be the fruit that hunger and thirst can be said as truly of our bodily wants as of our spiritual necessities, not blessed because they shall be medicated, but because 'they shall be filled' with what tastes good, with what gives good health, strength and lasting pleasure."

In satisfying our hunger for fruit—fruit that is well matured, juicy and sweetly flavored—we can get the greatest benefit from the most perfect of all the foodstuffs, the least possible digestive effort—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Not Qualified to Judge.
Maude—What's the luckiest day to be born on?
Claude—Don't know. Only tried one.—Detroit Free Press.

WHY SHE LEFT.

Grand Duchess of Hesse Weighed of Her Husband's Practical Jokes.

All the way from Marienbad comes at last the story of the real inwardness of that mysterious quarrel between the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. A few weeks ago it was announced that the grand duchess had suddenly left Darmstadt and had traveled with a single attendant to Bucharest to visit her sister, the crown princess of Roumania. Other paragraphs mentioned that the queen of England and the Duke and Duchess of Coburg did not countenance the Grand Duchess of Hesse in her quarrel with her husband, but nobody seemed to know how or why. All sorts of stories were soon circulated.

One in particular suggested jealousy on the part of the grand duke of a handsome young officer of one of his cavalry regiments.

Another person who knew everything insisted that it was owing to the conduct of the grand duke and a lady of opera bouffe fame, and now it turns out that it is all on account of a weakness the grand duke has for playing practical jokes. It must not be forgotten that he and the grand duchess are first cousins and both grandchildren of Queen Victoria. They have known each other all their lives and so their marriage was more matter of fact than romantic.

Both are still almost in the boy and girl stage, as far as age is concerned, and it is said that the grand duke began his married life by treating his wife more as a male bond companion than as a delicately named and exceptionally beautiful princess, with the imperial blood of Russia as well as the royal blood of England coursing through her veins. He invented a ghost for her special benefit at Schloss Heiligenberg and nearly frightened her out of her wits at a time when she was entitled to his very deepest consideration.

On another occasion he placed a nest of mice in her embroidery basket, and he indulged in practical jokes, although, as it turned out, entirely harmless, flirtations with the ladies of the court. Finally at one particular festivity the grand duke suddenly ordered all the lights to be turned out and then he and a couple of young noblemen who are his closest friends kissed every woman that they could come across in the great chamber.

It is even whispered that the grand duchess herself was kissed in the dark, and she insists that it was not by her husband, or she would have recognized the perfume he is in the habit of wearing on his mustache. The result was the flight next morning of the indignant princess to Roumania.

It needed no little persuasion on the part of illustrious relatives to bring the young couple together again, and it was on the distinct understanding that the matter was finally arranged that in future the duke should refrain from conducting his practical joking in any way with his wife. The brother of the grand duchess, Prince Alfred of Coburg, seems to be just as lively a young man as his brother-in-law. He point blank refused to marry until, as he explains it, he has "enjoyed himself a bit," and at every opportunity he punts the capital of his father's little principality on a brilliant and as he can possibly manage. As he is an only son it would be rather a dreadful thing if he contracted one of those mesalliances which seem so popular among young royalties of the present day, and a little army of detectives is constantly employed in watching Prince Alfred and hence the knowledge which exists of all his various escapades—London Letter in New York Mail and Express.

BROTHERS REUNITED.

They Found Each Other at a Recent Reunion of Confederate Veterans.

A very pathetic incident occurred during the recent reunion of Confederate veterans held in this city was related by a prominent state official.

One night at a late hour the manager of one of the leading hotels in this city walked into the rotunda of his hostelry and observed an old Confederate who appeared to be sleeping in a chair. He noticed that he was assigned to that hotel by a certain badge he wore, and being himself an ex-Johnny Reb, he decided to render the veteran a service by waking him and taking him to his room.

As he touched the veteran he observed that he had spent some time in war with the shrine of Bacchus and at that time was just recovering vigorous mentality. While this scene was being enacted another veteran, who happened to be passing, stopped close by, as did the gentleman who told the story.

"Hello, Johnny Reb! Have you secured a room?" asked the awakened man.

"Yes," replied the awakened man, with a quivering lip.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Joe."

"What regiment were you with?"

"I was with — regiment and fought with the Army of Virginia."

At this juncture the veteran who was standing by approached the two and asked the man:

"What did you say your name is?"

"My name is Joe," again replied the man.

"Where did you enter the army from?"

"I enlisted at — in —," replied the now astonished man.

As he replied to the last question the other man fell into his arms, weeping, and said, "Joe, don't you know me?"

The veteran pushed him off, presuming that he, too, was in a turbulent state of mind caused by imbibing drinks after the manner of the old soldiers. The man would not be pushed off, and in his sobbing said, "Joe, don't you know me? This is John."

"You are not John, for he was killed at Manassas," said the now thoroughly awakened and much astonished man.

"Joe, I am your brother John. I was not killed at the battle of Manassas, and ever since the war I have looked all over the United States for you."

Convinced at last, the long lost brother locked his arms about the other's breast, stood and wept like children. They went to a room in the hotel and doubtless talked all night. All next day they were seen, walking arm in arm, with glowing faces, and relating to every one the fact of their coming together after such a long separation.—Nashville Banner.

"I'm Up With Fruit."
"Blessed be the fruit that hunger and thirst can be said as truly of our bodily wants as of our spiritual necessities, not blessed because they shall be medicated, but because 'they shall be filled' with what tastes good, with what gives good health, strength and lasting pleasure."

In satisfying our hunger for fruit—fruit that is well matured, juicy and sweetly flavored—we can get the greatest benefit from the most perfect of all the foodstuffs, the least possible digestive effort—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Not Qualified to Judge.
Maude—What's the luckiest day to be born on?
Claude—Don't know. Only tried one.—Detroit Free Press.

W. R. BYRD & CO.

Commission Merchants in

Early Fruits, Vegetables, Terrapins, Wild Fowl, Eggs, Poultry, and all kinds of

Country Produce

—122 Cheapside, —

—Baltimore.—

Shipping Letter, "D."

I. P. Justis & Co.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

8 E. Camden St., Baltimore.

Sweet Potatoes a Specialty.

Fruits, Vegetables and Produce

Shipping Letter, "F."

References: National Bank of Commerce or any Produce house in Baltimore.

W. P. CUSTIS & CO.,

—PRODUCE—

Commission Merchants,

Eggs, Poultry, Wild Fowl, Clams, Peas, Berries, Cabbage, &c.

Sweet and Irish Potatoes

Specialties.

220 South St., cor. Bowleys Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Peoples Bank of Baltimore